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Left: The group poses outside their house in Kokomo. Right: Michelle Cimaroli is clearly not afraid of using a little elbow grease! (Photos courtesy of <http://www.saintjoe.edu/%7EHabitat/Short%20Trips.html>).

Act! Speak! Build! Week Successful

By Kara Marxer, Staff Writer

On April 10-14, the Saint Joseph's College Chapter of Habitat for Humanity held the annual Act! Speak! Build! Week. The week is designed to raise awareness about the effects of poverty and homelessness across the country and around the world. It also gives local Habitat affiliates a chance to let everyone know about the work they do in the community and how to get involved in Habitat for Humanity.

Act! Speak! Build! Week tries to raise awareness in the community about the effects of homelessness. According to Habitat's website, "Act! Speak! Build Week is a worldwide, student-initiated week of advocacy that seeks to empower young people to educate themselves and their communities and move them to social action. Young people aged 5-25 work in partnership with the local affiliates to plan and host events ranging from speaker panels and rallies to letter-writing campaigns and meetings with elected officials, all focused on ending poverty housing."

Habitat's activities raised over \$100 dollars to help with chapter activities. Led by Sophomore Joanna Askwith, the group had

nail-driving contests, a complex structure build outside the cafeteria, an outdoor sleepover called Shack City (participants slept outside in cardboard boxes), and a trip to the Kokomo building site. Askwith said the week went off without a hitch. "We held a series of "Puma Olympic" challenges in front of the cafeteria 3 days of the week. Some of these challenges included "the fastest hammering contest" and "the complex structure build" out of popsicle sticks and sometimes glue," she said. "The main activity was Shack City. Having these activities available for students to participate in allowed for hands-on involvement in raising the awareness of poverty and homelessness."

Several students participated in Shack City, which was held outside the Core building. Sophomore Kate Egan loved and hated it. "For Shack City, we tried to raise money and awareness by spending the night outside. It was cold and miserable, but I think it shows how important the work that Habitat does is. I don't want to sleep outside, they shouldn't either," she said. "This is my

first time doing Shack City, but I have gone on day builds around Indiana and am traveling to Chile this summer for Global Habitat. I enjoy more hands-on things, but it is important to get things going on campus as well."

Habitat member Junior Michele Cimaroli told the Observer how much Habitat for Humanity has become a part of her life. "I have been an active member of Habitat for the past two years. I have participated in as many events as I was able to because I really like the philosophy that Habitat has. They aren't really a charity. The people that get the houses have to put in a certain amount of "sweat equity" hours, meaning they have to work on their own house or another's that's being built. Once the house is built, it's not just given to them. They pay for the house, except they don't have to pay interest on it," she notes. "In essence, we're helping people help themselves and building communities. I have been on the last two Thanksgiving trips to Rocky Mount, NC and the last two Spring Break trips to Statesboro, GA and Mobile, AL. I also helped work on the last Jasper County house and went on

the last day trip to Kokomo. I love to meet new people on these trips because they're always great people."

Senior Heather Mikus has participated in Habitat for the past four years, so when she got the chance to help out with Act! Speak! Build! Week, she jumped at the chance. "I participated because it is the most fun way to raise awareness about substandard housing, homelessness, and social injustices in our local area. Just because we don't see it on our campus doesn't mean that it doesn't exist, so bringing attention to it on our campus makes students, faculty, and staff more aware."

Each of the participants wanted to make sure that the SJC campus understood what really happens to the poor and poverty-stricken members of our society. When asked what she would want the SJC community to know about Act! Speak! Build! Week, Egan replied, "There are people everywhere that need our help. Since we are given so much, the least we can do is give our time and muscle."

Measure Hosts Joint Reading, Unveils New Magazine

By Katherine Grgic, Office of Publications and Media Relations Intern

On April 20, Measure hosted a joint reading at the Carnegie Center in the Lilian Fendig Art Gallery to showcase the work of senior creative-writing major Melissa Alba and Administrative Secretary to Academic Affairs JaLeen Deardurff, whose recently published historical fiction novel, "The Music Teacher," will be released in May, as well as unveil the 2005-2006 publication of "Measure" magazine. Also involved in the reading were various SJC students whose works have been published in the 2006 edition of "Measure."

Alba first realized her writing talent in fifth grade. "Writing is my passion, and books have always been a big

part of my life," Alba said. "I'd like to share with the world what I see within my imagination, and I'd like to see a child reading my book someday." Alba appreciates the opportunity to share the spotlight with Deardurff. "I think it's amazing to share the spotlight with someone who's published. It gives me hope that perhaps someday my book will grace bookshelves as well." Alba opened the reading with selections of work she has written and refined over the course of her four years in SJC's creative-writing program.

Deardurff, a member of the Puma family since 1990, received her creative-writing degree from SJC in Dec. 2004. Her interest in

writing began when she was a young girl. "Whenever the teacher gave us a writing assignment, I couldn't wait to get started," Deardurff said. "I wrote my first novel at the age of 13 in a spiral notebook with a red pen. The only reason I took typing in high school was so I could write faster. I sent away my first manuscript, a collection of poems, when I was 15. That publisher actually sent me a card saying they were keeping it for further consideration before finally rejecting it."

Since that first rejection, however, Deardurff has had three articles printed in the national magazine "Today's Caregiver," a story in last fall's "Chicken Soup

for the Dog Lover's Soul" and her first novel "The Music Teacher," published by Publish America. Deardurff read several passages from her novel, but was careful not to spoil the story by giving away too much to her audience.

Senior English major Jean Monfort, the distribution manager for "Measure," commented, "The reading had a great coffeehouse/cafe feel to it, only much more vibrant. Students were so happy and proud to read in front of an audience and share their published works with their peers."

Look for the new Measure on sale outside the cafeteria all this week!

The Life-Blood of Saint Joseph's College: The Missionaries of the Precious Blood, C.P.P.S.

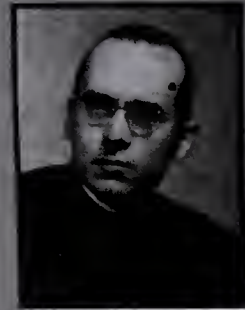
By: Elizabeth Genova, Opinion Editor

It has come to my attention that the very blood and life energy of this college that circulates faith and knowledge into this college has been greatly ignored in recent years. After careful research, I have discovered that all too many of the Priests and the Brothers of this school are not being recognized as institutions in themselves, and their contribution to its development is undeniable.

community since 1948. He has a degree in Canon Law, and was



Professor Emeritus of Religion until 1979. On a side note, he is one of the friendliest men you will pass by on campus. Fr. Dominic B. Gerlach, C.P.P.S.



quite possibly the most knowledgeable person I have ever met, has been an asset to SJC since Jan. 1952, when he first came as a seminarian. He has taught numerous courses in History and German, and still continues to teach the German

language to some very fortunate students. He is Saint Joseph's official archivist, and his research includes a detailed history of St. Catherine Drexel's Indian Normal School. His generosity and enthusiasm to share his experience and knowledge in subjects are invaluable, and definitely appreciated.

Fr. Paul R. White, C.P.P.S. taught courses in economics from 1956-1992, and can still be found on campus. His credentials range from a B.A. at SJC, and a M.A. at the Catholic University of America. He came to teach at SJC straight from graduate school.

Fr. Edward P. McCarthy, C.P.P.S. taught philosophy at Saint Joseph's from 1957 to 1980, and he is one of the 9 priests still residing at Saint Joseph's College.

Although not present at the college for 50 years, Fr. Phillip F. Gilbert, C.P.P.S. has been an active faculty member of Saint Joseph's since 1961. Fr. Gilbert, a former student of Fr. Gerlach, is an Associate Professor of Mathematics here, as well as a core teacher. When asked about, I heard raves of his teaching style and classes.

Other very important C.P.P.S. members include: Fr. William Stang, also a chaplain in the U.S.

Army National Guard; Fr. Timothy McFarland, an Associate Vice-President for Academic Affairs, and Core Program Coordinator; Bro. Tim Hemm, head of spiritual and religious retreats such as Kairos. Bro. Robert Reuter an associate Professor of Philosophy/Religion and Fr. Jeffrey Kirch, C.P.P.S. the newest addition to SJC's spiritual community and the campus Chaplain.

If you readers come into contact with any of the above mentioned men, be sure to thank them for their tireless efforts to improve this college in all areas. The C.P.P.S. community, with the Latin title: Congregatio Missionariorum Pretiosissimi Sanguinis Domini Nostri Jesu Christi, was founded by St. Gaspar del Buffalo in 1815. And on campus, they have all succeeded at the C.P.P.S.'s mission: *the apostolic mission of the Church, proclaiming the mystery of Christ who has redeemed all human beings in his Blood to make them sharers in the Kingdom of God.* These Missionaries of the Precious Blood keep Saint Joseph's alive, and they are appreciated and their great services are not forgotten.

(photos courtesy Phase 1953)

In Remembrance of...

Saint Joseph's College has suffered a great loss recently, and 98% of the campus does not even know it. Within the month of March, two great institutions have past away: Father Charles J. Robbins and Charles R. Rueve. Fr. Robbins came to SJC in 1940, and for 67 years, he remained one of the few faculty members who specialized in classical languages.

Fr. Rueve had taught at SJC since 1946, retiring in 2001 from teaching mathematics. The faculty at Saint Joseph's College was sent an email informing them of these two C.P.P.S.'s joint memorial service. Unfortunately, the administration did not feel it necessary to tell the student body

of the great loss, and the service had only a small turnout.

These two men helped build up this college, literally, including the creating of the grotto and the sundial. Please say a prayer or hold a brief thought in remembrance of Father Rueve and Father Robbins, they may be gone, but their contributions still thrive through the students they taught and the college they loved.

Also, I challenge the administration and academic dean to inform students when former faculty and C.P.P.S. are in failing health or in the hospital, so that we may pay our respects and not forget their work completely.

Father William Beuth, Alumni and Hero...

"A great man is still a great man, though few people may know him." This statement best exemplifies the life and Ministry of Father William Beuth.

Father Bill, a Missionary Priest of the Precious Blood Community (C.P.P.S.) and a 1954 graduate of Saint Joseph's College, has dedicated his life to the noble but less sought cause of reaching out to the underprivileged and suffering people of Latin America, and in particular-Guatemala.

For 45 years he has shared the Good News of the Gospel and has comforted thousands spiritually and tended to their corporal and

social needs through programs of feeding, clothing, healthcare, and education as well as Christian formation.

Humanity is seen at its best when in the service of others, and Father Bill's ministry shows that quality of spiritual and corporal works of mercy. Father Bill has done this in a quiet and effective manner. When asked about his life's work he stated, "God works in mysterious ways and after 45 years of priestly ministry, I know this is true."

(Article and information courtesy of Dean James Adduci & Instructor Michael Genova, Calumet College of Saint Joseph's).



Fr. Robbins, Photo from Phase 1952.



Fr. Rueve, Photo from Phase 1958.

...And the votes are in for: BEST HAIR ON CAMPUS

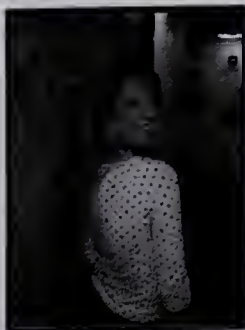
Brilliant Collection and Work by
Aimee Genova, Staff Writer



Professor Todd Samra



"I'm just happy to have hair."
-Dean John Keller (Pictured instead because of photo complications is Brokeback Mountains' Jake Gyllenhaal.)



Angela Shaver



"I am a herpetologist and I haven't had my hair cut since 2001 or 2002." -Dr. Robert Brodman



Brad Habel (I was unable to obtain a photo of Brad, but Alex Greenwald from Phantom Planet is here as a substitute "brother from another mother."
(Photos courtesy of Angela Shaver, Todd Samra, Robert Brodman, and Aimee Genova.)

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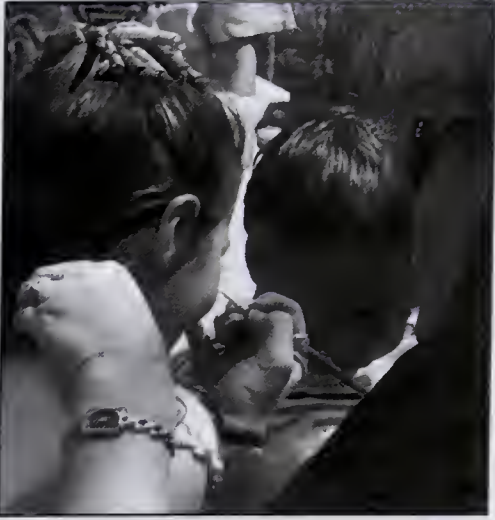
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A Photo Recap of the 2005-2006 Little 500 Weekend



Paws:



To Heather Shelton and everyone who helped make Little 500 happen and make sure it was a success!

To all the bands who played before and during Little 500- the live music was a great addition!

Claws:



To all the rude drunk idiots who made it impossible to hear anything during Jason LeVasseur's set and the talent section during Ms. Puma

Before *The DaVinci Code*: Reviewing Dan Brown's *Angels & Demons*

By Melissa Alba, Staff Writer

Seeing as Dan Brown's *The DaVinci Code* is now becoming a motion picture starring Tom Hanks, I decided to review a lesser known novel, *Angels & Demons*. Pick up *Angels & Demons* and prepare yourself for an intriguing who-done-it with plenty of twists and turns, a Reader's Digest rendering of the history of the Catholic Church, and of course, the obligatory two-people-thrown-together-by-circumstance cat-and-mouse type love affair. Be prepared to ditch all sense of reality at page one - this one likes to push the envelope. And yet, this is a better novel than Brown's *The DaVinci Code*, in my opinion. Any time a book with religious themes is published -be it fictional or not-it's destined for controversy. While *Angels & Demons* hasn't spawned the type of discussion as its sequel, it definitely has its share of plot points that will be brought up for debate by theologians, scholars, and anyone remotely interested in Catholic history. Within the pages of the book lies a riveting tale of the

struggle between science and religion. The story begins fast and ends faster. Dan Brown efficiently weaves fact and fiction in such a way that it is often hard to differentiate between the two. His fast-paced, unpredictable writing keeps you turning the pages. With chapters ending in with sentences such as these: "He never suspected that later that night, in a country hundreds of miles away, the information would save his life," how could you stop reading? And if you're a fan of sensational endings, then this book won't disappoint. The author has also developed realistic yet intriguing characters. Robert Langdon, a renowned professor of religious symbology at Harvard and the book's main character, travels across Rome on an ancient "path of illumination" in an attempt to save the world as we know it. He is joined by other diverse characters, including a crippled, almost emotionless scientist; a lovely and intelligent physicist; and a fierce, stubborn commander of the Swiss Guard,

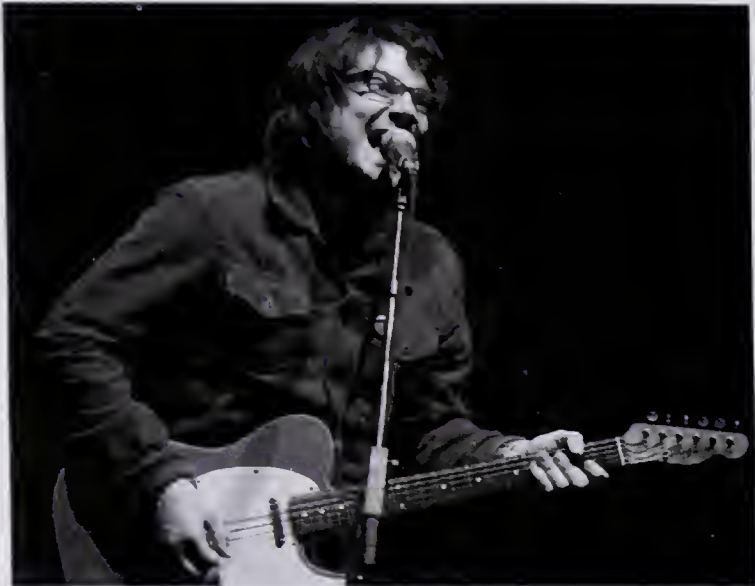
the group responsible for keeping Vatican City safe. As the story approaches its climax, however, the action goes up -way, way up. Unlike most stories that have one succinct ending that ties any loose ends, this is one that isn't satisfied with the status quo. Each story and sub-story gets its own ending and each seems to be more grandiose than the one before it. It is like a delectable hamburger: one is great and two is enough; however, three is a definite overkill, and four will make you want to vomit all over your shoes. So, as the book winds down, be sure to wear old shoes as you're going to have to swallow a number of hamburgers along the way. For those of you who wonder if this is anything like Brown's other novels, don't fret. Just enjoy the entertaining ride. *Angels & Demons* is a great read that will scare you, will make you chuckle, and will most undoubtedly shock you.

Best of Core Contest Winners

Core	Winner and Instructor
Core 1	Simmie Border (Teresa Massoels)
Core 2	Dawn Perry (Jeff Kirch)
Core 3	Lauren Stoffel (John Nichols)
Core 4	Randi Cowan (Anne Gull)
Core 5	Brad Habel (Jennifer Coy)
Core 7	Andrew Jendraszak (Jody Watkins)
Core 8	Heather Mikus (Peter Watkins)
Core 9	Katherine Grgic (Rob Reuter)
Core 10	Lisa Grilliot (Rob Reuter)

Teresa’s Box of Indie Goodies

Teresa Moreno



Jeff Tweedy does his best to strike the most generic rock star pose possible. Only his general lack of hygiene and love for swallowing microphones set him apart from other, more talented musicians. (Photo courtesy of <http://bl-ids-website.ads.iu.edu/news/content/photoextra/wilco/>)

Wilco Encourages Disorderly Conduct, Juvenile Delinquency at Rival Little 500

“God bless Indiana University and their Little 500 race.” I found myself repeating that phrase after last Monday night. IU, to kick off the festivities for their Little 500, invited Wilco to their campus to play a show. The concert was not limited to students at IU; any fan within driving distance could attend. The night’s festivities began with a local Bloomington band. Chairs in the auditorium were not yet filled by the time the band, whose name I never caught, began to play. Local fans served as groupies, screaming and jamming to the music. The rest of the audience, who was not familiar with the opening band, was not as impressed as the rest of the crowd. Luckily, their set did not exceed an hour. The audience eagerly waited for Wilco to take the stage. During a long wait due to technical difficulties, the crowd began to clap in rhythm, screaming for Wilco to come out. The minutes continued to fly past when suddenly, as though a miracle had occurred, the band set foot on stage. The crowd began to scream with excitement. Opening with “Airlane to Heaven,” Wilco mesmerized the crowd almost instantly. Their set list consisted of twenty-two

songs. While it was mostly comprised of songs off of their latest effort, *A Ghost is Born*, the band still played at least one song from their entire discography, including two new songs that the band has been playing at their recent shows. Wilco’s set list was heavy on feel-good music. While performing, lead singer Jeff Tweedy mentioned that the crowd was not as rowdy as he had been informed it would be for the kickoff of Little 500. Jeff asked “Are we not doing our job?” to which the crowd later replied by rushing the stage. When fans left their seats to occupy aisles and push themselves closer to the band’s presence, Tweedy remarked that that was the kind of behavior he was expecting and continued to play. Wilco’s performance at IU was the first of a week-long miniature spring tour. After wrapping up this small tour on Sunday, the band will take a short break to recuperate. Wilco will, however, make an appearance on the Conan O’Brien show while it is being taped in Chicago on May 12. The band will also be at Lollapalooza on August 6. For more information on Wilco, please visit www.wilcoworld.net.

As Good As It Gets Lives up to Its Name

By Katherine Stembel, Staff Writer

As far as Jack Nicholson’s movies are concerned, *As Good As It Gets* is yet another successful notch on his cinematic belt. The actors are what make this movie one to own, watch, re-watch, and love. Melvin Udall has problems. A successful romance novelist, Melvin (Jack Nicholson) battles an obsessive-compulsive disorder and lives in relative seclusion. He avoids cracks in the sidewalk, washes his hands religiously, and ritualizes everything about his life. He is racist, homophobic, and hateful. Melvin epitomizes everything that the men in his romance novels are not. He is crass, judgmental, and just plain rude.

Even though Melvin is emotionally inadequate, he is infatuated with Carol Connelly (Helen Hunt), a waitress at his breakfast restaurant. She lives with her mother and struggles to care for a severely asthmatic young son while searching for Mr. Right. When Melvin’s homosexual artist neighbor Simon Bishop (Greg Kinnear) is brutally beaten in his home, Melvin cares for the hospitalized man’s dog Verdell and begins to let himself feel emotions, both for the dog and for other humans. Melvin begrudgingly drives Simon to Baltimore to ask his estranged parents for money and invites Carol along. The trip fosters love and friendship among the three and Melvin begins to prevail over his obsessive-compulsive disorder.



Jack Nicholson won an Oscar for his acting and six dollars for finishing the dog in four bites or less. (Photo courtesy of <http://www.gasolineandperfume.bigstep.com/images2/as-good-as-it-gets.jpg>)

All three main actors give masterful performances of their wounded characters: Melvin and his mental illness and callous manner; Carol and the cruelties of life she must endure; and Simon and his parent’s rejection of his sexual orientation. They are all going through similar struggles of discovery, both physically and emotionally. All of the characters are realizing their humanity and the actors portraying these tortured souls use both lines and pauses well, creating tension between the characters. While the movie does end with Melvin and Carol walking into the sunset together, hand-in-

hand, I distinctly felt impending doom for the couple. The relationship could never work. Carol even has inklings of this fact, telling Melvin that she’s “not the answer” for him. And while the moviegoer is left with a warm, fuzzy, all-is-right-with-the-world feeling, a dark cloud of uncertainty looms over the pair. However, this only adds to the movie’s depth, revealing that nothing is certain and perhaps this life really could be “as good as it gets.” Or not. Directed by James L. Brooks (*Terms of Endearment*, producer) and rated PG-13, *As Good As It Gets* contains some obscenity, but is a perfect movie for any adult struggling through life in a difficult world. The moviegoer can identify with at least one of the main characters. Melvin could be the crabby neighbor down the hall who always has a condescending remark for anyone who gets in his way. Carol could be the emotionally injured waitress whose life is almost overwhelming to her. Simon could be the struggling friend suffering from depression and failure. In any case, *As Good As It Gets* is Oscar award-winning and an experience that helps the moviegoer to discover his or her own compassion in life and hope for a better tomorrow.

Recapping Haphazard Greatness

By BJ Houlding, Staff Writer

So here we are, the end of April; another year comes to a close. I could do a new article, but you know, screw that. Instead, I’m doing a year-end review. However, first I’ll ask you a question. This paragraph is a bit comma happy, don’t you think? Discounting my first helter-skelter article on the merits of D&D and the haphazard X-mas article, I have covered eight shows this year. What have we learned? Mostly that BJ has excellent taste in television, but a few other important lessons as well. Talking shakes are about as trustworthy as Kobe Bryant around Paris Hilton. Talking man-lobsters on the other hand are only hilarious (especially if they’re rock lobsters!). Talking sponges absorb funny around David Hasselhoff. Family Guy is as infallible as Joe Larson or Kyle Purple when it comes to comedy. Racism is extra funny coming from a Latino. Fairies with crowns are a lot more amusing than fairies with lisps and appletinis. Speaking of fairies, Dawson’s Creek isn’t half bad. Always trust a lawyer with wings. Heed these lessons well



This is a picture of the actual TV used to review the shows that appear in this column. It’s powered entirely by coal and receives only three channels, two of which are illegal in the continental United States. The remaining channel consists entirely of “Dawson’s Creek” reruns and lawn gnomes in compromising positions. That channel has never been turned off on this particular TV. (Photo courtesy of <http://static.hcrhs.k12.nj.us/images/mcjjournalism/television.jpg>)

and I predict good things ahead for you. How about some quotes from each show that didn’t make it into each issue? I’ll throw out one from each show, and the first person to email me at bhk5502@saintjoe.edu with the correct answers wins a shiny penny (actual shininess not guaranteed). “Vacuum out your sack!” “Tarter sauce!” “Roderick! No!” “Did you get that thing I sent you?” “I want candv!” “Dun dun dun” “I get it...oh, now I get it.” “I’m gonna get my own story line!” Good luck. So with that I bid you all farewell until August rolls ‘round again. But don’t look for me here; I’ll be the editor of the Opinions page. Yea, I don’t know how that one happened either. Certainly has nothing to do with heavy bribes to Kerlin... Anyway, have a great summer, and to the seniors, good luck in the real world. You’re all five Smurfers in my book.



The musical Scorecard is used to give a numerical value to the quality of an album. A score of 10 is amazing, but a score of 1 would cause most listeners to cry out in pain. Five is an average score. The review does not express the opinion of <i>The Observer</i> .	Musical Scorecard: Originality: 10 Lyrics: 10 Lasting Appeal: 10 Rock Star Quality: 10 Total: 10/10
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FEATURES

End-of-the-Year Open Letters to the Universe and Everyone Who Lives There

By Joe Larson, Co-Editor in Chief

As the year draws to a close, there are a number of things that need to be said on behalf of a lot of people. Here are those things in open letter form:

Dear God:

Thanks for destroying New Orleans, but you forgot about Nebraska. In fact, you always forget about Nebraska. Hurricanes, wildfires, gangland turf wars, and outbreaks of lethal diarrhea all seem to conveniently miss the Cornhusker State. I really don't understand why you're protecting these people. They don't bathe, they don't cure deadly diseases, and they don't even shoot lasers from their eyes. Their only valuable contributions to the modern world are the hi-top sneaker and the erotic sock puppet, and I think we can agree that both of these inventions have led to more than their fair share of embarrassing sprains. I'd argue that Nebraskans aren't Christian, but I'm pretty sure they're not even human. They reproduce like rabbits on Viagra, so if you don't stop them soon, they're going to overrun the borders of more worthwhile states. Right now, the population of Nebraska is doubling every three days. At this rate, Nebraskans will outnumber Americans by the end of the year, and at that point you can bet they'll invade the United States. I know I'm supposed to be a tolerant man, but I'll be damned if my kids are going to grow up speaking Nebraskan. Don't make me kill these people myself.

Sincerely,
Jesus Christ

Dear Every Girl on the Planet:

Engagement rings are overrated. Sure, your female acquaintances will gather around you in numbers unsafe for anything other than hypothermia prevention and spontaneous mud wrestling, but the novelty of the ring will soon wear off. Then you're stuck with the thing on your finger for the rest of your life, meaning that an engagement ring is basically a shiny hand tumor. The ratio of lameness to expense for this manmade growth is astronomical. As a reasonably intelligent, sentient creature, even the shallowest woman isn't going to be entertained by staring at an engagement ring much past the sixty second mark, proving that most members of the female species are slightly less entranced by shiny objects than the average raccoon. Now let's say the ring that provided this minute of entertainment cost \$1000. That factors out to an expense of \$60,000 per hour or just over \$525 million per year. Do you really want to marry a man dumb enough to spend \$60,000 per hour for your amusement? For that matter, do you really want to marry a man dumb enough to be interested in you in the first place? Now let's say that instead of blowing the U.S. GDP on some shiny trinket, the man in your life wisely invests those \$1000 in an engagement plasma TV. The TV would provide at least 100,000 hours of

entertainment at a rate of approximately one cent per hour assuming that Indiana doesn't abandon daylight savings time or the Gregorian calendar. This is the type of responsible man who can be trusted to handle household finances, raise a family, and not get caught while cheating on you. Beyond the financially devastating side effects of engagement rings, there are also emotional consequences to consider. The giving and receiving of engagement rings by other people creates immensely uncomfortable situations for anyone of the male persuasion. It draws attention to the fact that our only long term relationship plans include getting drunk and throwing rocks at the penguins in the Lincoln Park Zoo. Men who buy commitment jewelry give in to social pressures and an inherent fear of womanly beatings, leaving them emasculated and alone. Every time one of these "men" uses two months worth of his salary to buy an engagement ring, the terrorists win. And even if you hate America, there's still the fact that that's a lot of money to drop for a union that's just going to end in a bitter divorce ten years down the road. For any man looking for that type of commitment, it's much cheaper just to buy a dog, which will only leave you when it's dead.

Sincerely,
The Voice of Reason

Dear *Measure* Staff:

Thanks for rejecting all five of my submissions. I know most of you on a first name basis, which undoubtedly worked against me since I refer to you by other, less flattering names behind your backs, to your faces, in front of those you love, and now in printed form. In some ways, I can understand why my submissions were rejected. The world may not be ready for my biting social commentary on a man's right to run over his fat wife with a bus or my rewrite of "Jack and the Beanstalk" that took a classic children's tale and added LSD and rocket-propelled grenades. But in other, much pettier ways, I'm filled with irrational rage and the urge to try again. After reading through *Measure* this year, I realize I missed the mark on what you were looking for. Here is a multiple choice poem whose various combinations are more in line with the type of literature you were seeking: "I (love; hate; enjoy smelling) my role as a (mother; Italian plumber; professional seal clubber). / If only I (was; slept with; defecated on) a (third-world dictator; diseased possum; small pile of shiny pebbles). / The (sky; waffle house; local homeless population)

is (beautiful; slightly nauseating; soliciting me for sex). / As I (walk by; run over; partially explode) a beggar holding a (tin cup; press conference; beating human heart), I give him my (loose change; uncomfortable rash; collection of live piranhas)./



According to its official state seal, Nebraskans enjoy sneaking across the border by way of train, riverboat casino, and man with an anvil – the most cunning of all transportation methods. Pictured to the left is the year's bountiful marijuana harvest. Not pictured is the year's bountiful erotic sock puppet harvest. (Photo courtesy of http://www.sos.state.ne.us/images/state_seal_big.jpg)

I wish I could (read; juggle sharp objects; remember why I'm holding a dead goose)." Like all self-important literature, this poem is best understood when read aloud in a dark place filled with scented candles and books by great literary figures like James Joyce and Vanilla Ice. Only then can the reader understand the true meaning of the poem. In a way, aren't we all holding a dead goose, wondering why a partially-exploded beggar is soliciting us for sex? I'm pretty sure at least some of you are because I have pictures.

Sincerely,
Undead Walt Whitman

Dear Nun I Set on Fire:

My bad. I honestly thought you were a piece of wood. In my defense, it's not a mistake I make very often. I can count on one hand the number of times I've accidentally set a nun on fire. It's a good thing I figured out my mistake as soon as I did or the evening would have been ruined. You might be good at worshipping God, but you're absolutely terrible at providing enough heat to roast marshmallows. Seriously, the centers didn't even get gooey. I apologize for the inconvenience this episode may have caused, but in all honesty we're both at fault. I had no way of knowing that pieces of wood don't walk around wearing habits and praying the rosary, and you had no way of knowing that I'm licensed to carry a concealed flamethrower. I trust that you won't make that mistake again. Also, you owe me a new bag of marshmallows.

Sincerely,
That Guy Who Set You on Fire

Dear Senior Going to Graduate School:

It comforts me to know that you'll finally earn your PhD about the same time that my yet-

to-be-born children graduate from college. I'm still not sure how getting a doctorate on Beowulf as a postmodern Marxist-feminist will increase your value to society, but I suspect that it has something to do with the fact that you're a con artist. If you're going to school to learn about a subject whose only purpose is to be taught to other students who want to teach the same thing, you're not getting an education; you're entering a pyramid scheme. The whole system depends on you convincing more and more students to embrace the worthless field in the hope of securing your own teaching position. In turn, your students will become professors on the subject and will be forced to either recruit more students or face starvation. Eventually, either everyone on earth will be an expert on why Beowulf hated

capitalism and men or someone will break the cycle and your precious world of sexually ambiguous literature will come tumbling down. The end won't be far off since your love of knowledge and the written word will be confronted with disillusioned students and their allegiance to Sparknotes and Wikipedia, the two omniscient gods of college. Absolutely anything that you can learn in your next nineteen years of graduate-level classes could be gained in fifteen seconds or less using one of these two websites. Of course, you'll deny the value of these two sources and claim that the old ways of learning from books and sending messages by carrier pigeon have more academic merit. I can't say that I blame you. In fact, there are lots of people who avoid reality in favor of sticking with the way things have always been done. They're called the Amish. Don't worry about all that fancy technology stuff, though, since you won't be able to afford it anyway. Poverty and academic elitism go together like strippers and lacrosse teams at Eastern universities, but that's a small price to pay for becoming needlessly overeducated in a subject that nobody cares about but you.

Sincerely,
The Real World

Dear Core 8 Professors:

After listening intently to every lecture and doing all the readings, I've decided to buy my final term paper from Uganda. Thanks to the emerging global marketplace, using the work of foreigners isn't plagiarism; it's outsourcing. I'm not sure exactly where in the world Uganda is located, but wherever it's hiding, its people don't seem to believe in punctuation marks or speaking English. I'll admit that this

might make my paper a bit harder to grade than usual, but on my own I can only produce one paper every eight hours. If I spend those eight hours working at McDonalds, however, I can earn \$50, giving me enough money to purchase a dozen papers from Uganda and still turn a \$49.95 profit. Three "C" papers should more than equal one "A" paper, so the twelve "C" papers I purchased should give me a quadruple "A+." I've been told that upwards of forty Ugandans die in the production of each term paper, but Ugandans rank somewhere below Nebraskans and graduate students in terms of their value to the human society. It does raise some questions about how exactly one goes about getting killed in the writing of a term paper, but apparently people in Uganda don't so much type term papers as they do carve them into the sides of live wildebeests. Granted, this medium isn't quite as space efficient as the paper-made-from-dead-trees approach currently used in the west, but we have no right to impose our views on another culture. Besides, the wildebeests are usually dead by the time FedEx gets them here, so after you grade my batch of Ugandan term papers, you'll be rewarded with about sixteen tons of rancid meat with which to feed your friends and neighbors. Everybody wins, except the Ugandans who will either be dead from trample wounds or starving due to the sudden absence of rancid meat from their diet. The way I see it, if the people in foreign countries weren't meant to be exploited, then they would have been born in America.

Sincerely,
Progress

Dear Girl Who Tries to Change the World:

Let's start with a simple goal like curing cancer. Your solution to this problem is to position yourself in front of the cafeteria with a petition form and attempt to get students to give you their signatures in exchange for a combination of candy and guilt. I suppose your petition might make me feel a twinge of guilt if I actively caused cancer, but as it stands I'm merely a passive supporter of that particular disease. Furthermore, if it were possible to cure a disease by signing a petition, we wouldn't need doctors, surgeons, and evangelical faith healers. To cover this obvious flaw, you claim to be "raising awareness" rather than fighting the disease. If that was true, you would be more effective at "raising awareness" if you just started forwarding us all chain emails promising us good luck; at least that way we'd be spared the bad luck of staring at you in front of our only source of food. To further cover your petition's total ineffectiveness, you might couple it with some attempt at raising money, which usually amounts to a tax on people dumb enough to make eye contact with you and your ilk.

Story Continued on Page 6

Letters to the Universe
(Continued from Page 5)

With the \$8.75 you amass through this fundraising method, you might be able to take cancer out to a movie, but you're not going to be able to wipe it from the face of the earth. Petitions and fundraising drives are equally ineffective against causes ranging from domestic abuse to nuclear ring worm. I seriously doubt that anyone will ever say to themselves, "Gee, I really want to express my anger by beating my wife with this rusty folding chair, but first let me check to make sure there are no petitions against that particular method of problem solving." In the end, it really doesn't matter that you don't manage to cure a major disease or societal failing through your petition. The whole exercise is simply designed to increase your leadership credentials in the eyes of future employers, but I'm not sure what leadership you actually demonstrate other than complaining about everyone who doesn't participate, which is basically everyone but you. I'd argue that employers don't want to hear about how you used an anti-cancer drive as yet another excuse to whine about your fellow man, but employers already acknowledged that they're okay with whining when they started hiring women in the first place. Have fun leading the fight to save the world. The rest of us will demonstrate our leadership by not following you.

Sincerely,
Nuclear Ring Worm

some mind-bogglingly bad articles, but your failure to simply abandon this column will now be rewarded. To get you, my loyal dozen readers, through the normally articleless summer, I've started a blog at <http://explodingunicorn.blogspot.com/>. It will retain the title of "Exploding Unicorn" until I can find another name that so effectively combines the virtues of homoeroticism and combustibility. I will post a new article on the blog every Monday, and I'll post something older but with added caption goodness every Thursday for the duration of the summer. The site is not affiliated with SJC, but I willingly abandoned any association with that school several days ago when I discovered that referring to SJC as "abbreviated form of the word 'Saint'" "shortened form of the word 'Joseph'" is absolutely forbidden. When I triumphantly return to the *Observer* next fall, I will simply refer to SJC as the Universidad De Santo José



After a healthy explosion, charred unicorn chunks have been known to land as far away as the moon. (Photo courtesy <http://www.jerrywallpaper.com/unicorns/Unicorn%20Moon%20Wallpaper.jpg>)

De Salsa Dancing and Lethal Dentistry, or UDSJSDLD for short. I feel justified in advertising a blog unaffiliated with SJC in the SJC school newspaper because, in the words of Jesus in the Beatitudes, "Blessed are the shameless self-promoters, for they receive publicity for free." Plus, the freedom of the internet will allow me to add more pictures with more captions and will automatically increase the sacrilegiousness of my articles by a factor of three. I would be remiss in my duty as a journalist if I did not inform you of such an incredible opportunity. Have a good summer, unless you fail to visit <http://explodingunicorn.blogspot.com/>, in which case I hope you die in a nun-related fire. Seriously.

Sincerely,
The Sexiest Man Alive

Farewell & Good Luck Senior Athletes
By Clark Teuscher, *Man of the People*

- Adam Adrian; Amy Baird; Dave Beale; Kyle Bender; Kelly Bielak; Greg Boo; DeMarreo Campbell; Andy Cochran; Alicia Conn; Britney Cox; Tony Cunningham; Joey Dovidio; Derek Fey; Shelley Fiegel; Dan Flores; Justin Fox; Eric Fussell; Amy Harmening; Rhi Hartwell; Ashley Heatwole; Ryan Hendrickson; Zach Hennings; Janet Hertz; Josh Hinton; Ashley Hughes; Jackie Inkrott; Aaron Jackson; Melissa Janowitsch; Eric Johanning; Brenda Johnson; Erin Jones; McKinley Jones; Jessica Kammholz; Jill Kapitan; Chris Kelleher; Olivia Klosterman; Rachel

Koopman; Brian Kukulski; Kurt Laurinaitis; Josh Lower; Rashad McSwine; Chris Maniaci; Kyle Marburger; Mike Marshall; Kevin Maurice; Melissa Melinauskas; Brendan Murphy; Wes Murray; Candace Northam; Kevin Rees; AJ Rodriguez; Brant Schmid; Blake Schoen; Julie Seagraves; George Slawson; Mike Stawski; Amanda Stoops; Ashley Swift; Sullivan Sykes; Rachel Theodore; Andrew Thieken; Tara Torres; Brandon Tritan; Brandon Turner; Mike Victor; Brian Wesley; Brittany Wikierak

Puma Rebirth Begins with Coaching

By Andrew Costello, *Staff Writer*

The past few years here at the Joe have been quite exciting if you think about it. No, I'm not talking about overambitious twenty-one year olds trying to escape security at the apartments on Saturday nights. I'm talking about the athletics here at the Joe. Every year, each athletic program does its best to direct a group of college athletes in the right direction. However, this task can be somewhat difficult when the head coaching position changes. It's kind of a tragedy, but every school goes through it. It's the one type of change that Saint Joe does not need: a new head coach. But we mustn't blame these individuals for pursuing their careers at bigger institutions. Rather, we should make them regret leaving SJC.

Over the past semester, the Saint Joseph's College Athletic Department has hired several new coaches who will eventually continue the tradition of excellence that is Puma athletics. Earlier this month, men's basketball head coach, Linc Darner resigned to take the helm of the perennial Division II basketball powerhouse Florida Southern College in Lakeland, FL. Darner left the Puma's with a 74-45 record and a .622 winning percentages, as well as the school's first regular season and Great Lakes Valley Conference tournament championship. Darner is succeeded by then-assistant coach Richard Davis, a very competent and confident individual who is very appreciative of such an enriching opportunity.

"First let me say that I am truly honored to be the next head coach at Saint Joseph's College. Everyone who's in this profession longs to be a head coach at some point in their coaching career, and for it to happen to me so early in my career is truly a blessing," says an optimistic Davis. He also

admits that there will not be much change in the way the Puma's run their system.

"As for next year, I see nothing but good things for the Pumas. There won't be any changes in the style of basketball we play. We are going to continue to play fast break basketball and pressuring defense. Our post-season outlook for next year is promising. I see no reason why we can't get back to the GLVC tournament and contend for the title. Nor is there a reason why we shouldn't be able to get back into the NCAA tournament. Of course, our conference is extremely competitive, as well as our region but I feel we have a good group of guys coming back, with the addition of a few guys we can still compete night in and night out."

Although Coach Davis and the 2006-2007 men's basketball team, who will definitely enjoy the presence of Ronald Coleman and Matt Comparato (as I forgot to mention them in my last basketball article) may have their work cut out for them, their intensity and the aura created by the fans will help carry them back to the Big Dance.

Another new face in Rensselaer is Jill Schopieray, the new women's volleyball coach. Moving up in the world of women's volleyball from an assistant coaching position at Bradley University, Schopieray looks to turn around a team that went 10-22 last season. Fortunately for the Lady Pumas, Schopieray looks to bring a new level of intensity and determination to the team.

"I'm excited to be a head coach," stated Schopieray in a press release earlier this month. "It's been a dream of mine since I finished playing. This is a great opportunity for me, and I'm eager to get started."

Schopieray also announced earlier this week that she will retain last year's assistant coach Brett Sayer, who was an integral part of former coach Linda Deno's aggressive offense last season.

Last, but not least, Coach Lou Esposito has finished constructing a coaching staff that he hopes will take the Pumas to an NCAA playoff berth. The football coaching staff has three new head coaches. Wide receivers coach Steve Neal comes to Rensselaer from coaching Division III Albion, and has a past rich with many accolades and awards, including a rookie free agent signing with the Tennessee Titans in 2001. Jake Wissing is the new offensive line coach. A DePauw graduate, Wissing comes all the way from Norwich University in Northfield, Vermont. Assistant coach Dustin Ward is a new offensive coordinator and quarterbacks coach. A former recruiting assistant at Indiana University, Ward had a solid career at the University of Illinois as a quarterback. There is also a Puma Rumor that some new SJC alumni might be joining Espo and company on the sidelines as assistant coaches. "Let's just say there will be some 'familiar faces' on the coaching staff," says Esposito. Ultimately, Coach Lou is confident in his new coaching selections.

"I am definitely ready for next year. I think its going to be an exciting time; we are returning a good amount of starters, and the toughness and mentality of our coaching staff will spill over into the players. This program is going in a positive direction."

It would seem that we are in a Renaissance, and, hopefully, the best is yet to come.

Covert Puma Athletics

Whether you are a freshman or a senior, I am sure you have experienced something here that made you think, "Hey, this should be considered a sport!" Here is a list of such activities that we have had the wonderful opportunity to witness and possibly partake in.

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| The high jump a.k.a hurdling yourself from windows in order to escape a write-up from security. | Whatever happens in the discus ring after hours. | Pouring beverages from the upper apartments into the mouths of friends below. |
| Diving from the top bunk onto a pile of mattresses and pillows on the floor. | Dragging yourself up the stairs to the top floor of the Science Building. | Beer pong and bean bags, 'nuff said. |
| Slip-n-Sliding in the IM field or outside any dorm. | Moving furniture in and out of the third floor of Justin. | Using a slingshot to propel edible objects as well as water balloons at people. |
| Climbing up the balconies to the apartments. | Bike riding, wheelchairing, rollerblading, skateboard-ing, or cart-wheeling down the hall of any dorm. | Streaking through the IM field. |

April 27, 2006

“Bid the Bleacher Bums Adieu”

By Elizabeth Kloczek, *Columnist*

We have come to the end of the road. It has been an interesting season, an extraordinary career, you could say. I didn't come to SJC looking to write for the paper, let alone the sports section. And yet for three of my four years, that's just what I did. If you ever took the time to read my articles or profiles, you must know by now, I am an unlikely and unqualified candidate. But I have done my best. To those who weren't here and to those who don't remember, I have thought, and still do, that what I wrote meant something. And maybe it did.

I certainly did not come to college expecting to follow the afternoon ESPN schedule religiously, to loathe John Madden, to care for professional athletes, and to have my heart broken by them, to become so obsessed with any one sports team (cough, Red Sox, cough) that I now receive post-game alerts, to be a devoted IM fan (Chick Magnets all the way, I miss you guys), to play Fantasy Sports. And yet, it has been a privilege.

For every Puma athlete I had the opportunity to meet, and the honor that it was to bring their goals and accomplishments to the SJC community. For the regret I will probably have until the day that I die because I conducted Garrett Guest's interview over the phone, and he'll turn out to be somebody. For the amazing feats accomplished by my fellow Pumas these past few years, especially in football and basketball. I am still proud to be a Puma.

And for the people who could relate to the things that I shared this year. This year was indeed different. I laid myself on the line every two weeks to help a friend and, hopefully, to entertain you. I simply wrote what I thought, whether it made sense or not. Yet, isn't that what makes a true sports fan, a willingness to love and hate indiscriminately for inane reasons. To coach and cuss from the sidelines and the couch. To keep the faith. To know that there are people out there just as crazy as you, for the love of the game.

I began this season with the tenets of my football “faith.” And now seems an appropriate time to present my baseball beliefs to the world (not that they haven't found their way into nearly every article I've churned

out). If any of this smacks of sacrilege, it's okay, Fr. Jeff already told me I was going to hell.

Elizabeth's Baseball Truths

1. The Curse of the Bambino was very real. The jury's still out on this Billy Goat business.
2. The Los Angeles Angels of Anaheim is the most ridiculous piece of garbage I have ever heard. L.A. is just plain greedy!
3. While throwing syringes may be inappropriate, and possibly illegal, it's also really, really funny.
4. Brand names are generally offensive as ballpark names, Wrigley is an exception, and I'm sure I'll think of more later. And it will *always* be Comiskey to me.
5. I do not like Steve Stone. The end.
6. Extra innings, like all other forms of overtime, are a product of the devil. They are only worthwhile if your team emerges victorious . . . and even then I'll just wait for the post-game alert.
7. Rally Monkey. He is cool.

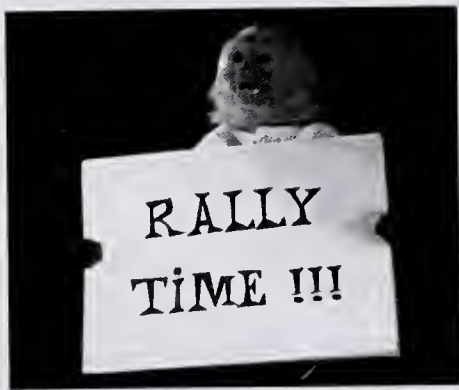
That's something too, I came here all about the gridiron, and yet I leave loving the diamond just as much. Perhaps too much, my fiancé told me that I am not allowed to play Fantasy Baseball again after this year. Apparently I get Fantasy Rage (I make things up *and* I self-diagnose). No matter.

If I have made you laugh, I'm glad. Know that it all stems from my own athletic idiocy, and that I wasn't afraid to admit that I didn't know anything, and that I

didn't care. I feel as if I should have one of those shirts that say “All I Need to Know about Life I Learned from ESPN . . . or Fantasy Baseball . . . or Madden 2006.”

Four years of college have taught me a lot, history in particular. But so did sports. And I will forever remember the October night when the two intertwined.

“One of the beautiful things about baseball is the history.” - Jim Abbott



The Dearly Departed (from SJC athletics)



Here lies Eric Fussell

DIED FROM:

Five years of baseball, five grueling years of Hell Week, endless Puma Reminders, one blown out elbow and two medical red-shirts, (but loved every minute of it).

2001-2006

R.I.P All Senior Athletes, Thanks for the Memories!

The Editors would like to thank Eric Fussell, Amy Baird, and Jackie Inkrott for providing these epitaphs and pictures.



Here lies Jackie Inkrott, having fallen apart after four years of soccer and track—the flip-throws and hurdles finally took their toll...Who wants to do it again???



Here lies Amy Baird, four years of track and field, two year captain with busted shins, but wouldn't trade any of it for the world because it's a lifetime of irreplaceable memories.



The Heart & Soul of the Sports Pages: Elizabeth Kloczek & Allison Segarra (GO SOX- Red & White!)

Goodbye to Romance and Joe

By Allison Segarra, *Sports Editor*

Whenever it is time to say good-bye, the song “Good-bye to Romance” by Ozzy Osbourne comes to mind. Unfortunately it is time for me to say good-bye to my four year love affair with the sports section. Like any other love affair, it has been tumultuous at times: I cheated on it, caressed it, and often thought of breaking off the whole thing. All the while, it was my deep passion for sports, namely baseball and football that kept me running.

It was former editor Bridget Newman that forced me to write for this section my freshman year. Last year when Adam Mandon graduated, I inherited the legacy

that is the sports section of *The Observer*. Yet, I can not take all the credit for the depth and breadth of these two fabulous pages. My one and only columnist has been my incognito co-editor all year. Together we have spent long hours toiling over the articles and pictures that honor our favorite obsession: sports.

Although we may complain and curse our job, we will miss it. We will miss it because it makes us feel like we are a part of something that is too great for our lowly lives (let's face it we rode the pine when we played middle school sports) and we will miss it because we love to piss off our

angry editor, Joe Larson. It is true; he puts up with us when we call him in the middle of the night to complain that something is broken when, in fact, it is only our incompetency that prevents things from working. He also deals with the fact that neither of us ever show up to do the final corrections and we do it just to get a rise out of him.

Anyhow, I digress, finally after four years of nonsensical athletic (or lack thereof) rambling: thanks for reading, and thanks to all of you with actual athletic ability.

Auntie Cleo Revealed!

By Danny Wacław, Omega Editor

For an entire academic year, your life has pretty much been determined by one person: the elusive Auntie Cleo, reader of the collegiate student's stars. Now, you can finally stop accusing your friend of having ESP or your therapist of secretly planting your secrets in the college newspaper. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, your Auntie Cleo is none other than the beautiful, talented, and clairvoyant Angela Shaver, SJC junior and diviner of the stars. But, you protest, you don't know Angela Shaver! How can someone you don't know tell your future? Well, all that is now to change as the Omega editors reveal to you the Divine Miss Shaver. Shaver was gracious enough to postpone her hectic schedule for an interview on her favorite things. Here goes:



Everyone's favorite Tarot card reader and all around go-to girl Angela Shaver, also known as your Auntie Cleo. (Courtesy of the Divine Miss Shaver herself.)

- Quotation: "Your work is to discover your world and then with all your heart give yourself to it, by Buddha."
- Color: "It depends on the day. I love them all!"
- Hobby: "The theatre--there is nothing like seeing a show or being in one."
- Food: "Sushi...mmm. California rolls!"
- Fast food restaurant: "Jimmy John's!"
- Sports: "Hmm. I can't throw a ball to save my

- life, but football is pretty cool."
- Movie: "Pretty Woman—Julia Roberts is a classic."
- Music: "It depends on my mood, but you can never go wrong with oldies!"
- TV shows: "I don't have time to watch TV..."
- Superhero: "Wonder Woman. Need I say more?"
- Holiday: "The fourth of July: it is nice and toasty, and who doesn't love fireworks?"
- Season of theyear: "Spring because the weather gets warmer, summer is right around the corner, and the earth becomes alive with color."
- Store: "Target. I could be lost in there for hours!"
- Flower: "Hot pink Gerber daisies!"
- Beverage: "Gloria Jean's Caramel Vanilla Chiller . . . yummy!"
- Day of the week: "TGIF!"

Overheard

Thanks for making the first run of "Overheard" a success! We couldn't have done it without everyone's embarrassing remarks, random witticisms, and delightful insights into real hard-hitting issues. As always, all randomly heard comments are anonymous, but feel free to e-mail what you have overheard to your Omega editors at dwj5079@saintjoe.edu.

- I know it's true: I looked it up on the internet.
- ~
- That's when the whole naked-people-in-the-audience thing doesn't work, Madame X.
- ~
- Thanks to Sean Connery, we still have no cure for cancer.
- ~
- I took speed for lunch today.
- ~
- On Giada de Laurentiis: "Her head and body *really* are that disproportionate to each other."
- ~
- Never say novacaine.
- ~
- I'm dead; what do I care?
- ~
- What is the most important right? Around here, some people would say the right to have a gun!
- ~
- I'm hypoglycemic! What chance do I possibly have?
- ~
- Gertrude Stein ain't got nothin' on this!
- ~
- I want out of your mind! Now!
- ~
- Baroque opera is a substitute for porn for me.
- ~
- In reference to Angel from the movie *Rent*: "Hey, is that Jada Pinkett-Smith?"
- ~
- Maybe all I need is a shot in the arm.
- ~

Saint Joseph's College Chorus presents

Mozart's Requiem & Arvo Pärt's Miserere



Sunday, April 30
4 PM
College Chapel

What's Your Sign?

Divined by our own Auntie Cleo



Taurus (Apr 20-May 19)

Are you feeling bored with your current clique? Newsflash—welcome to college! It is time to learn how to socialize with the other 900 students on campus. You might actually meet some new cool people to chill with if you gain some confidence.

Gemini (May 20-June 20)

Schoolwork has been bogging you down, but all your hard work will be worth it. A few As are on their way! Your personality is captivating right now; make sure you get out of your room before the end of the year is here...

Cancer (Jun 21-Jul 21)

Things have been pretty shady lately. Keep your head up; this funk will end before you know it. Life is as bright as you make it. You have the ability to make yourself happy, so stop being so bitter. Don't take your friends for granted; they are supporting you more than you realize.

Leo (Jul 22-Aug 22)

School is almost over but that does not mean the fun times have to end. Plan a fun road trip for the summer; it will be well worth it. Start looking for a

job before you end up being a couch potato for the entire summer.

Virgo (Aug 23-Sept 21)

Have things in your relationship been rocky lately? It is time to let your significant other know how you feel. Have a heart-to-heart and spill your beans or things will never get better. Communication is the key!

Libra (Sept. 22- Oct. 22)

Stop sending mixed signals to the opposite sex. People are falling for you left and right, yet you are clueless. If you do not open your eyes soon, things could get ugly. Get out and get some sunshine; you could use some rays.

Scorpio (Oct 23-Nov 21)

You know that little voice in the back of your head? Well, start listening to it; ignoring it has gotten you nowhere fast. Money is a bit tight right now, so make sure you have a job lined up for your summer funds.

Sagittarius (Nov 22-Dec 20)

Feeling a bit festive and crafty? You are the creative one, so put your talent to use. Plan a themed end-of-the-year party—your friends will love you for it. You are not ready to go home, but you had better start packing sometime soon.

Capricorn (Dec 21-Jan 19)

Has someone been bit by the love bug? You have finally found that special someone, but it is the end of the year. Stop worrying: you will see them more than you think this summer. Start making plans now so you will have something to look forward to.

Aquarius (Jan 20-Feb 17)

Now that it is the end of the year, do you remember your friends? You are past due to hang out with them. They would appreciate a little apology for your recent self-centeredness. They will take you back, but take it as a lesson and learn from it.

Pisces (Feb 18-Mar 20)

Now that the weather is so beautiful, spice of your wardrobe. Flaunt what your momma gave you; you have the bod! Grab some friends and go chill at Lake Banet; the sand and water are calling your name.

Aries (Mar 21-Apr 19)

You are feeling super gutsy, so why are you still sitting on your bottom waiting for what you want to find you? If you want something, go after it! Do not force others to help you with problems; they will come around in time.